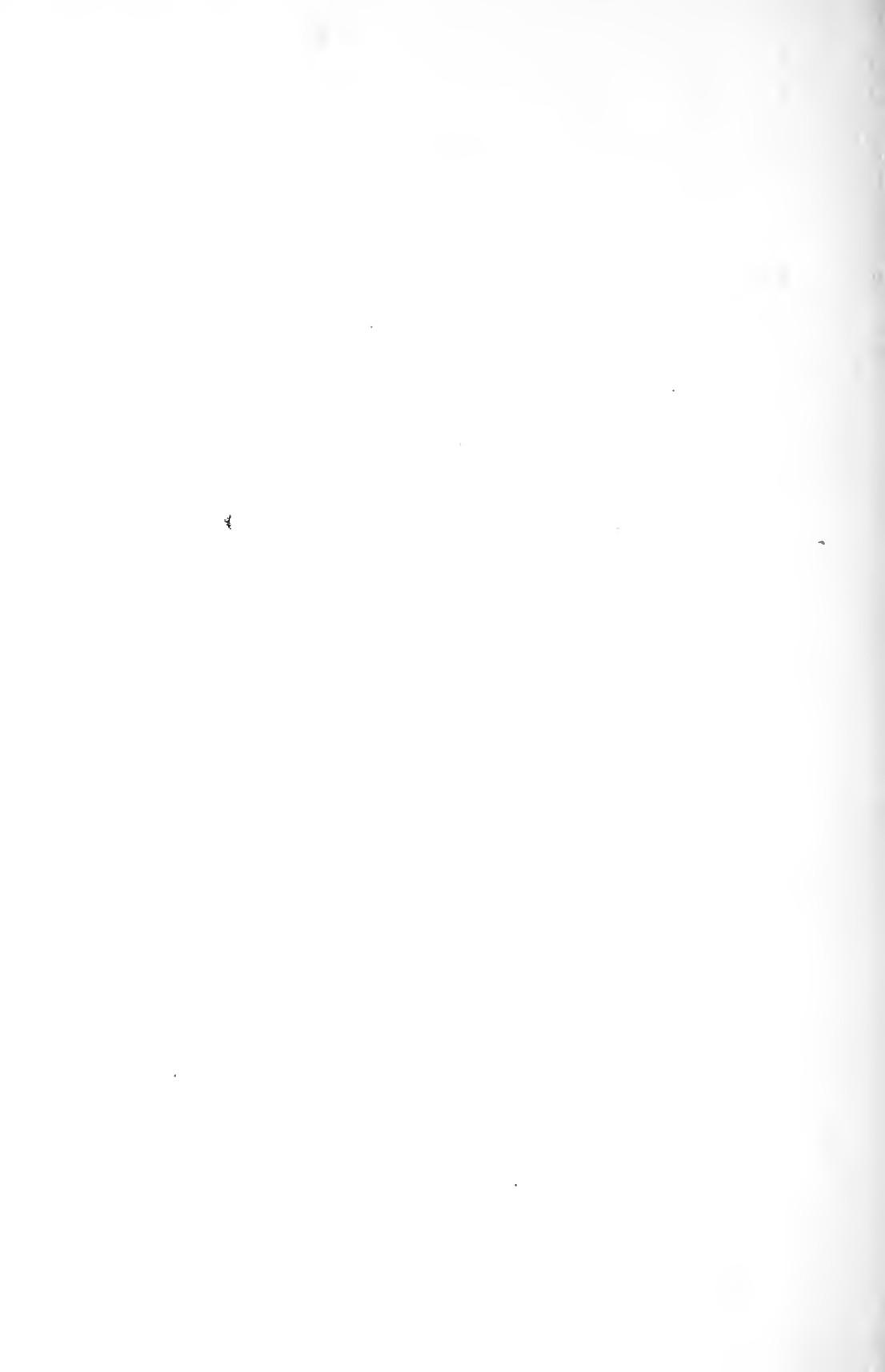


North Dakota

*Washington and
Lincoln Day
Manual*

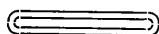
1911



NORTH DAKOTA

Washington and Lincoln Day Manual

1911



ISSUED BY
THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC
INSTRUCTION

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PRESS OF
THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

Thanks are due the North Carolina Washington's Birthday Manual, 1909, and the Illinois Lincoln Day Manual, 1909, for use of material from these manuals.

STATE CAPITOL,
January 1, 1911.

Superintendents and Teachers:

The issuing of this little volume follows a custom established years ago in our state. February 12th is the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, whose memory becomes dearer to the whole American people as time passes. Today the people of the South vie with the people of the North to do honor to his memory. Let us do our part.

On February 22 will occur the anniversary of the birth of George Washington who still lives in the hearts of his grateful countrymen.

The laws of our state contain the following provisions: "Holidays are * * * * * the twelfth day of February, which is the birthday of Abraham Lincoln; the twenty-second day of February, which is the birthday of George Washington."

"Provided, however, that on February the twelfth, Lincoln's birthday, February twenty-second, Washington's birthday, * * * * all schools in session shall assemble for a portion of the day and devote the same to patriotic exercises consistent with that day."

On these days it is hoped there will be a careful compliance with these legal provisions. Let the exercises be simple, yet impressive. From the lives of these great Americans teach again the lessons of patriotism and fidelity to duty. Let the Gettysburg Address and Washington's Farewell Address be read in every school. In this volume will be found material which may be used in preparing suitable programs.

I urge it upon all superintendents and teachers to make the ob-service of these days notable, and in such a way that our boys and girls may be deeply impressed with the lessons of love of country and love of fellowman which the lives of Lincoln and Washington afford.

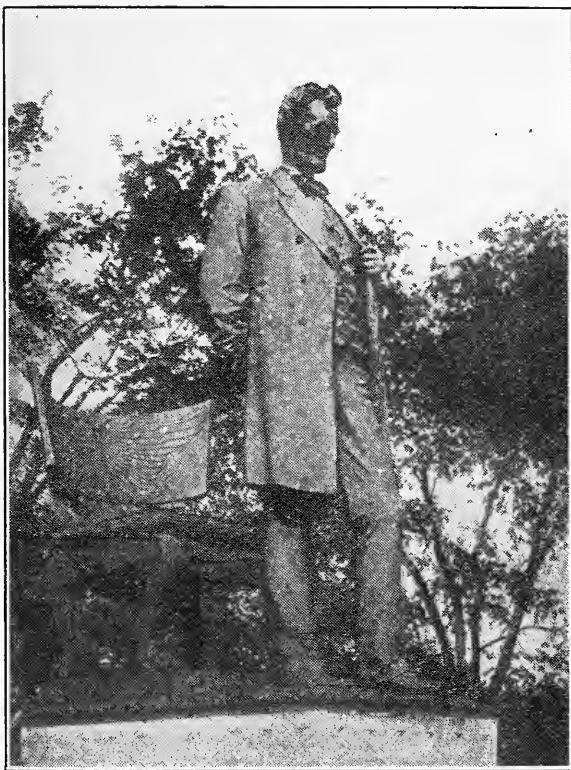
Respectfully,

E. J. TAYLOR,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

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LINCOLN



CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Born in a log cabin near Hodgenville, now Larue county, Ky., February 12th, 1809.

His father moved with his family into the wilderness near Gentryville, Ind., 1816.

His mother dies at the age of 35, 1818.

His father's second marriage, 1819.

Walks nine miles a day going to and returning from school, 1826.

Makes a trip to New Orleans and back at work on a flat boat, 1828.

Drives in on an ox cart with his father and step-mother to a clearing on the Sangamon river, near Decatur, Ill., 1829.

Splits rails to surround the clearing with a fence, 1829.

Makes another flat boat trip to New Orleans and back, on which trip he first sees negroes shackled together in chains and forms his opinion concerning slavery, May, 1831.

Begins work in store at New Salem, Ill., August, 1831.

Enlists in the Black Hawk war; elected a captain of volunteers, 1832.

Announces himself a Whig candidate for the legislature and is defeated, 1832.

Storekeeper, postmaster and surveyor, 1833.

Elected to Illinois legislature, 1835 to 1842.

Studies law at Springfield, 1837.

Is a presidential elector on the Whig national ticket, 1840.

Marries Mary Todd, November 4, 1842.

Canvasses Illinois for Henry Clay, 1844.

Elected to Congress, 1846.

Supports General Taylor for President, 1848.

Engages in law practice, 1849-1854.

Debates with Douglas at Peoria and Springfield, 1855.

Aids in organizing the Republican party, 1855-1856.

Joint debates in Illinois with Stephen A. Douglas, 1858.

Makes Political speeches in Iowa, 1859.

Visits New York and speaks at Cooper Union, February, 1860.

Attends Republican state convention at Decatur, declared to be the choice of Illinois for the presidency, May, 1860.

Nominated at Chicago as the Republican candidate for president, May 16th, 1860.

Elected President over Stephen A. Douglas, J. C. Breckenridge and John Bell, November, 1860.

Inaugurated president March 4, 1861.

Issues first order for troops to put down the rebellion April 15, 1861.

Urge McClellan to advance April, 1862.

Appeals for the support of the border states for the Union cause, March to July, 1862.

Calls for 300,000 more troops, July, 1862.

Issues Emancipation Proclamation January 1st, 1863.

Thanks Grant for capture of Vicksburg, July, 1863.

His address at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863.

Calls for 500,000 volunteers, July, 1864.

Renominated and re-elected president, 1864.

His second inauguration March 4th, 1865.

Assassinated April 14th, 1865.

LINCOLN.

Here was a noble product of the soil
 Grown starkly on the prairies of the West;
 Inured to poverty; inured to toil;
 The chivalry of Bayard in his breast;
 A soul serene that ever onward pressed,
 Beyond the darts of calumny and hate;
 That stood in every crisis fierce the test,
 Till earth had linked his memory with her great,
 As Statesman, President and Master of his fate.
 He pierced the aeons with a Prophet's eye,
 Humanity was what he spelt in creed;
 He passed the letter of the statute by,
 To give the spirit of it utmost heed.
 His life was open, both in word and deed,
 From prejudice and passion wholly free;
 Of the liberty he sowed a pregnant seed
 For millions and millions yet to be,
 Himself the Bondsman's Knight of Nature's sole degree.
 A Tribune of the people, so he sprang
 And seized the reins of power and high place,
 While thru the world his challenge grandly rang.
 And shook Oppression's temple to its base.
 His was the mettle of heroic race,
 On whom the seal of sterling merit sat;
 The sunken cheeks, the shrewd and homely face,
 That shallowed wits had launched their arrows at—
 Rail-splitter, Orator and Greatest Democrat.
 Along the wide horizon of the years,
 A deep, sonorous echo of his name
 Rolls, thunder-like; and future history hears
 An answering echo from the Halls of Fame
 We see the tall, the gaunt, ungainly frame;
 We mark the will to dare, the mind to plan;
 We find the pure resolve, the lofty aim;
 And while his rugged virtues thus we scan,
 We stand uncovered, while we cry "This was a man!"
 And upward to the portals of the stars,
 And past the confines of the Seven Seas,
 Beyond the smoky banners of our wars,
 Borne outward on the pinions of the breeze,
 His fame it sung in divers master keys,
 And shrined in bronze, or heralded in rhyme,
 Past mountain tops and past the Pleiades,
 Far-sent, far-sounding, still with notes sublime,
 Loud-bugled by the mighty trumpet-tone of time.

Ernest McGaffey.

LINCOLN'S ENGLISH.

Lincoln was truly great. One can dwell indefinitely on his life and still find some new quality which singles him out from the throng of notable men who have helped make American history, and makes him the only great American of his century. His origin was the humblest of the humble. He was schooled in adversity. His education, though limited to a year's time, as far as school was concerned, was broad and thorough. He had learned to read and possessed that passion for reading which was resistless. It is said that three books would make a library—the Bible, Shakespeare and Blackstone's Commentaries. Fortunately, these, with several more were within his reach, and thus he educated himself. Few men have possessed such a command of pure simple English as Abraham Lincoln. We commend the sources of Lincoln's education to the youth of North Dakota.—*Walter Lincoln Stockwell.*

One of the best ways to get acquainted with Abraham Lincoln is to read his own words. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, while he was called upon in the course of his life to deal with some of the most difficult questions that have ever been discussed in America, what he said and wrote was so simple, so direct, and so clear that almost anybody could understand him. In the second place, his letters, speeches, and State papers bear everywhere the stamp of that quality which, when he was twenty-four years old, had won for him the homely frontier title of "Honest Abe." It is, therefore, the real Lincoln that is revealed in them.

Henry Johnson, Columbia University.

"Whatever the subject he has in hand, whether it be bold or impassioned, business-like or pathetic, we feel that we "lose no particle of the exact characteristic extreme impression" of the thing written about. We have it all, and not merely a part. Every line shows that the writer is master of his materials; that he guides the words, never the words him. This is, indeed, the predominant note throughout all Mr. Lincoln's work.—*London Spectator, 1891.*

It is impossible to lay too much stress upon these qualities of Lincoln's words, their inspiring power, their terseness and vigor, and their worthiness to be known and studied by his countrymen.

Isaac Thomas, Burlington, Vt.

When the people began to talk about Lincoln as a possible candidate for president of the United States, there was a natural desire to learn who he was, who his ancestors were, and what he had done in his early years. To one of his friends, J. W. Fell, who asked him for this kind of information, he wrote the story of his life. This is the fullest statement that he ever made.

—Henry Johnson, Columbia University, N. Y.

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families —second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon county, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in a battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "readin', writin', and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for an education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store.

Then came the Black Hawk war; I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than I have had since. I went into the campaign, was nominated and ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate

afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1848 I was elected to the lower House of Congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was loosing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollect. Springfield, December 20, 1859.

ON MOB RULE.

(From an address before the Young Men's Lyceum of Springfield, Ill., January 27, 1837.)

Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and the Laws let every American pledge his life, his property and his sacred honor; let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries and in colleges, let it be written in primers, spelling books, and in almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation.

TOILING UP.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned.—December, 1861.

THE WOMEN.

"I am not accustomed to the use of language of eulogy; I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women; but I must say that, if all that has been said by orators and poets since the creation of the world in praise of women, were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying God bless the women of America."—March, 1864.

FAREWELL SPEECH.

(On February 11, 1861, Mr. Lincoln started for Washington to be inaugurated president, on March 4th. Just before the train started he spoke to his neighbors the following genuine heartfelt words. It would seem that on this occasion the people would have shouted in exultation over the victory and honor, but most of them were in tears. When he again returned to Springfield he had finished the greatest work done by an American since Washington, but he was being conveyed to his tomb. Then not only his neighbors, but the whole country was in tears.)

My friends, no one, not in my position, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of this people I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young man to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried.

I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him I cannot succeed. With that assistance I cannot fail.

Trusting in him who can go with me and remain with you and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commanding you, as I hope in your prayers you will command me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

CLOSING PARAGRAPH OF FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1861.

(By the time Lincoln was to be inaugurated president the Southern States had seceded and had set up a government of their own, as they claimed they had a right to do. The people of the northern states claimed that a state had no right to withdraw from the Union. Mr. Buchanan, president before Lincoln, had said that the government had no right to make war on the seceding states. What would Mr. Lincoln say?)

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people. * * * * *

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

(Last paragraph of letter to Major-General G. B. McClelland, April 9, 1862.)

"And once more let me tell you, it is indispensable to you that you strike a blow. I am powerless to help this. You will do me the justice to remember I always insisted that going down the bay in search of a field, instead of fighting at or near Manassas, was only shifting and not surmounting a difficulty; that we would find the same enemy and the same or equal intrenchments at either place. The country will not fail to note—is noting now—that the present hesitation to move upon an intrenched enemy is but the story of Manassas repeated.

"I beg to assure you that I have never written you or spoken to you in greater kindness of feeling than now, nor with a fuller purpose to sustain you so far as in my most anxious judgment I consistently can; but you must act. Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN."

LETTER TO GENERAL GRANT.

July 13, 1863.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong. Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

From the hour of that solemn dedication the final triumph of the loyal hosts was assured. As the Christian day by day voices the sacred prayer given him by his Savior, so the American Patriot will continue to cherish those sublime sentiments and inspired words. While the Republic lives he will continue to repeat them, and while, realizing all their solemn significance, he continues to repeat them, *the Republic will live.*—*From Lincoln at Gettysburg, by Clark E. Carr, McClure Publishing Co., Chicago.*

THE ADDRESS.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.—November 19, 1863.

EXTRACT FROM GETTYSBURG ODE.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

After the eyes that looked, the lips that spake
Here, from the shadows of impending death,
 Those words of solemn breath,
 What voice may fitly break
The silence, doubly hallowed, left by him?
We can but bow the head, with eyes grown dim,
 And, as a nation's litany, repeat
The phrase his martyrdom hath made complete,
Noble as then, but now more sadly sweet:
"Let us, the Living, rather dedicate
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,
 And save the periled State!
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,
Their last full measure of devotion gave,
Highly resolve they have not died in vain!
That, under God, the Nation's later birth
 Of Freedom, and the people's gain
Of their own Sovereignty, shall never wane
And perish from the circle of the earth!"
From such a perfect text, shall Song aspire
 To light her faded fire,
 And into wandering music turn
Its virtue, simple, sorrowful, and stern?
His voice all elegies anticipated;
 For, whatsoe'er the strain,
 We hear that one refrain:
"We consecrate ourselves to them, the Consecrated!"

SECOND INAUGURAL.

March 4, 1865.

Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech has been much and justly admired. But far greater as well as far more characteristic was that inaugural in which he poured out the whole devotion and tenderness of his great soul. It had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die.—*John Hay*.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war, seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated the war, but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude and duration which it has attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with or even before the conflict itself might cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been fully answered. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe onto the world because of offenses; for it must needs be that offenses come, but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which in the providence of God must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and

that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away, yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity to all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

William Cullen Bryant.

O, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just;
Who in the fear of God didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust.

In sorrow by the bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the language of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(For the services in memory of Abraham Lincoln, City of Boston, June 1, 1865.)

O, thou soul and sense and breath,
The ever-present giver
Unto thy mighty angel, Death,
All flesh dost thou deliver;
What most we cherish we resign,
For life and death alike are thine,
Who reignest, Lord, forever!

Our hearts lie buried in the dust
With him so true and tender,
The Patriot's stay, the people's trust,
The shield of the offender;
Yet every murmuring voice is still,
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold
This martyr generation,
Which thou, through trials manifold,
Art showing thy salvation;
O, let the blood by murder spilt
Wash out thy stricken children's guilt
And sanctify our Nation.

Be thou our orphaned Israel's friend,
Forsake thy people never,
In One our broken Many blend,
That none again may sever;
Hear us, O Father, while we raise
With trembling lips our song of praise,
And bless thy name forever.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores
a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

LINCOLN

AS SEEN BY HIS COUNTRYMEN.

He was warm-hearted; he was magnanimous, he was most truly, as he afterwards said on a memorable occasion, "With malice toward none, with charity for all." In bodily form he was above the average and so in intellect; the two were in symmetry. Not highly cultivated, he had a native genius far above the average of his fellows. Every fountain of his heart was ever overflowing with the milk of human kindness.—*Alexander H. Stephens, Feb. 12th, 1878.*

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him, even at the moment of his death, as one of the greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. * * * His fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills.—*John Hay.*

His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience.—*Emerson.*

The greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the time.—*Gen. Longstreet.*

To him, under God, more than to any other person we are indebted for the successful vindication of the Union and the maintenance of the power of the Republic.—*Gideon Wells.*

The power which his patent honesty of character and life exercised upon this nation, has been one of the most remarkable features of the history of time. The complete, earnest, immovable faith with which we have trusted his motives has been without a precedent.—*J. G. Holland, Springfield, Mass., April 19, 1865.*

Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake and will guard with a zeal the whole country which he loved so well.—*Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn, April 16, 1865.*

In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness.—*Phillips Brooks, Philadelphia.*

In all history, with the sole exception of the man who founded this Republic, I do not think there will be found another statesman at once so great and so single-hearted in his devotion to his people.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

The "Shepherd of the People!" that old name that the best rulers ever craved. What ruler ever won it like this dead president of ours? He fed us faithfully and truly. He fed us with counsel when we were in doubt, with inspiration when we sometimes faltered, with caution when we would be rash, with calm, clear truthfulness through many an hour when our hearts were dark. He fed hungry souls all over the country with sympathy and consolation. He spread before the whole land feasts of great duty and devotion and patriotism, on which the land grew strong. He taught us the sacredness of government, the wickedness of treason. He made our souls glad and vigorous with the love of liberty that was his. He showed us how to love the truth and yet be charitable—how to hate wrong and all oppression, and yet not treasure one personal injury or insult. Best of all he fed us with a reverent and genuine religion, the love and fear of God just in the shape we need them most.—*Phillips Brooks, Philadelphia.*

Lincoln's magnanimity, patience, forgetfulness of self and saving grace and sanity made him a man apart. * * * He was the prophet of the future, now happily become a living present. * * * The president of a section by passing disintegration, Lincoln was always in spirit the chief magistrate of a nation. Among men of sectional training and instinct and policy he was a man of national feeling and policy. Around his figure, now that old passions are dead, the men who opposed him can gather with men who sustained him as about a common leader, as he is neither of the North nor of the South, but of the country.—The "First American."—*Outlook, Jan. 27, 1906.*

Of all the men I ever met he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness combined with goodness than any other.—*Gen. Sherman.*

He wielded the power of government when stern resolution and relentless force were the order of the day, and then won and ruled the popular mind and heart by the tender sympathies of his nature.—*Carl Schurz.*

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

(From an address by Hon. Newton C. Blanchard, Governor of Louisiana, at Springfield, Ill., Feb. 12, 1907.)

"Let us here tonight take fresh hold on the fact that the war closed more than forty years ago.

"As we look back over the decades of the new national life which have elapsed since that critical time, we come to realize in the fullest, and point the world to the fact that our system of government, tried in the crucible of civil war and reconstruction, did, indeed, emerge therefrom stronger than ever, not merely in the legal bonds guaranteeing a union of inseparable states, but stronger than ever in the mutual understanding, good will and friendly feeling characterizing the people of the several sections, the one towards the other.

I come from that section whose economic and social order was overturned by that war, and whose material prosperity was wrecked by it.

I come, nevertheless, to take part with you, here in the Capital City of his state, where he lived and where lie his sacred remains, in the anniversary celebration of the birth of the great leader on your side in that war.

I come to mingle with your own my tribute of admiration of him, and to voice what I conceive to be the South's present estimate of Abraham Lincoln, his life, character and achievements.

That estimate is so high that we of the South join with you of the North in placing him with Washington—at the forefront of the illustrious men whose lives and careers adorn the pages of American history.

BY WILLIAM H. HERNDON,
(LAW PARTNER OF MR. LINCOLN.)

This man, this long, bony, wiry, sad man, floated into our country in 1831, in a frail canoe, down the north fork of the Sangamon river, friendless, penniless, powerless and alone—begging for work in the city—ragged, struggling for the common necessities of life. This man, this peculiar man, left us in 1861, the President of the United States, backed by friends and power, by fame, and all human force; and it is well to inquire how.

To sum up, let us say, here is a sensitive, diffident, unobtrusive, natural-made gentleman. His mind was strong and deep, sincere and honest, patient and enduring; having no vices and having only negative defects, with many positive virtues. His is a strong honest, sagacious, manly noble life. He stands in the foremost rank of men in all ages—their equal—one of the best types of this christian civilization.—Springfield, 1882.

BY HORACE WHITE.
(LINCOLNIANA)

The affection bestowed upon Abraham Lincoln by his countrymen is best shown by the amount of Lincolniana, or literature concerning him, which has been printed since his death, and which is increasing in volume from year to year. Like the word Shakespeariana, it signifies a body of literature relating to an individual, of sufficient magnitude to be separately classified in the book market.

The number of known collectors of Lincolniana at the present time in the United States is nearly five hundred. Their collections consist of books pamphlets, poems, sheet music, lithographs, portraits, medals, manuscripts and identifiable relics. Printed matter relating to the period in which Lincoln lived is not included in Lincoln bibliography unless it owes its origin to him as an individual. Thus, a history of the civil war, or of the United States during the lifetime of Lincoln, would not be classed in that category.

The compiling of Lincoln bibliographies began very soon after his death. The first one, containing 231 titles of books and pamphlets, was published by William V. Spencer in Boston in 1865, all of the list being in the compiler's possession. In the following year John Russell Bartlett published a list of 300 titles of eulogies, sermons, orations and poems on Lincoln, all of which had been published after his death. In 1870 Andrew Boyd, of Albany, N. Y., published a "Memorial Lincoln Bibliography" of 175 pages, which contained his own collections of books, pamphlets and relics. These have since passed into possession of Major William H. Lambert, of Germantown, Pa., a veteran of the Civil war, who has added to it from time to time until it now embraces 1,200 bound volumes and pamphlets, and more than 100 autograph letters and documents of Lincoln, besides numerous relics and miscellany. Other important collections of Lincolniana are those of Mr. Judd Stewart of Plainfield, N. J., about 2,300 items of various kinds.

A Lincoln bibliography, compiled by Hon. Daniel Fish, of Minneapolis, was published in 1906 in a superb volume of 247 pages. It contains 1,080 separate titles. Judge Fish has 854 bound volumes and pamphlets in his own collections.

Mr. D. S. Passavant, of Zelienople, Pa., has a collection of Lincolniana in foreign languages. Lives of Lincoln have been published in the French, German, Dutch, Swedish, Italian, Russian, Japanese, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Welch and Hawaiian tongues.

The largest collection of Lincolnian relics as distinguished from printed matter, is that of Mr. O. H. Oldroyd, which is now housed in the building where Lincoln died, 516 Tenth St., Washington City. The largest collection of Lincoln's handwriting in existence is that of Jesse W. Weik, of Greencastle, Indiana. Mr. Weik was the collaborer of William H. Herndon in writing the life of Abraham Lincoln. Herndon had been Lincoln's law partner at Springfield for many years, and shortly before his death he gave the entire contents of the law office to Mr. Weik.

CONCLUSION.

So we see that Mr. Lincoln's death did not take place at the culmination of his fame, but that it has been rising and widening ever since and shows no signs of abatement. Of no other American of our times can this be said. Can it be said of any other man of the same period in any part of the world? I cannot find in any country a special department of literature collecting around the name of any statesman of the nineteenth century like that which celebrates the name of our martyr president. This mass of literature is produced and collected and cherished because the hearts of men and women go out to Lincoln. It is not mere admiration for his mental and moral qualities, but a silent response to the magnetic influence of his humanity, his unselfish and world embracing charity. And thus though dead he yet speaketh to men, women and children who never saw him, and so, I think, he will continue to speak to generations yet unborn, world without end, Amen.

MEMORIAL PARK FOR LINCOLN.

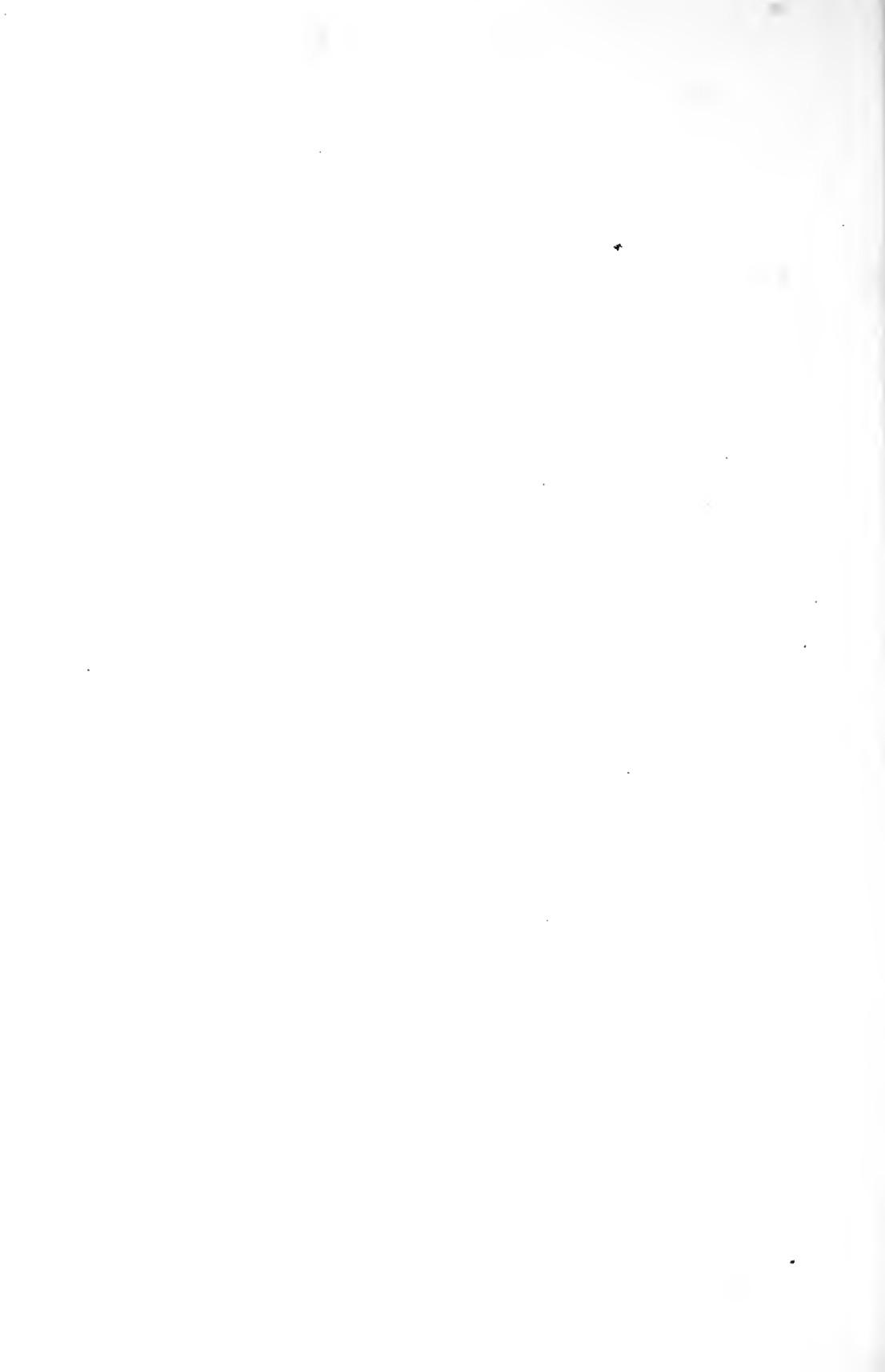
Washington, Nov. 22, 1910.— * * * * One of the highest authorities on art among the members of Congress is Senator Frank P. Flint of California. He believes the National Capital should be filled with lessons of patriotic inspiration, and become the city beautiful that shall be a pride and glory of the land.

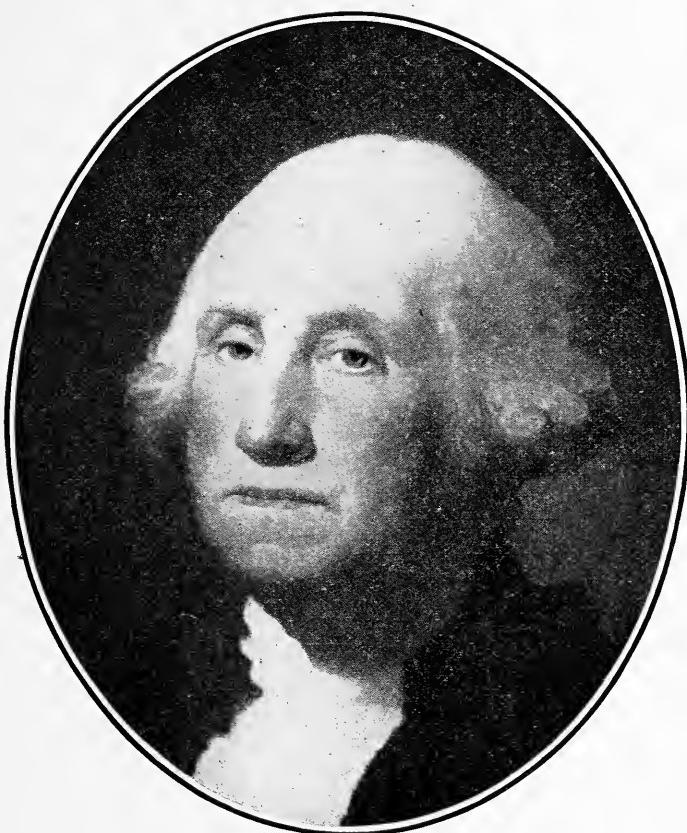
"First of all, a monument to Abraham Lincoln should be raised," said the senator yesterday. On his several visits to Europe he has made enthusiastic study of art and particularly statuary. He has pictured a scheme of adornment for Washington, with details gathered from all that he deems best in the cities of the old world. But beyond all other proposals for monuments, he regards one to Lincoln of first importance, and he is among those who would favor early action by Congress. * * * * *

The selection of the site for the memorial to Abraham Lincoln will undoubtedly be one of the earliest great problems that the new commission of fine arts will be called upon to solve. It will not act, of course, until congress acts, but that would appear to be a matter of a short time, as time is counted in legislation for statues. In the last six years Congress has provided for the erection of twelve statues in the city of Washington, whereas for a long period to that very little was done. In other words the national lawmakers have come to a new realization of the importance of such works, and the dispatch with which something may be done toward providing a Lincoln memorial is not to be judged altogether by the past.

—*Grand Forks Evening Times.*

WASHINGTON





THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY.

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again
Brings in its annual round, the morn
When, greatest of the sons of men,
Our glorious Washington was born!

Amid the wreck of thrones shall live,
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

SAYINGS OF WASHINGTON.

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.

Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections.

The name of an American must always exalt the just pride of patriotism.

From the gallantry and fortitude of her citizens, under the auspices of Heaven, America has derived her independence.

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all.

The ever favorite object of my heart is, the benign influence of good laws under a free government.

WASHINGTON

THE BRIGHTEST NAME ON HISTORY'S PAGE.

Land of the West! though passing brief
The record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all
On history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,
Thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,
Thou hast the planet star.

Thou hast a name whose characters
Of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain
And warms the coldest heart;
A war cry fit for any land
Where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,
It is thy Washington!

Rome had its Ceasar, great and brave,
But stain was on its wreath;
He lived the heartless conqueror,
And died the tyrant's death.
France had its eagle, but his wings,
Though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambitions flight,
And dipped in murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway
Would fain have claimed the waves,
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal
To make a world of slaves:
Who, though their kindred barred the path,
Still fiercely waded on.
Oh, where appears their "glory" now
Beside a Washington!

He fought, but not with love of strife;
 He struck but to defend;
And ere he turned a people's foe,
 He sought to be a friend.
He strove to keep his country's right
 By reason's gentle word,
And sighed when all injustice threw
 The challenge sword to sword.

He stood, the firm, the grand, the wise,
 The patriot and the sage;
He showed no deep, avenging hate,
 No burst of despot rage.
He stood for liberty and truth,
 And daringly led on,
Till shouts of victory gave forth
 The name of Washington.

—*Eliza Cook.*

TRIBUTES OF PRESIDENTS
TO THE MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

The life of our Washington cannot suffer by comparison with those of other countries who have been most celebrated and exalted by fame. The attributes and decorations of royalty could have only served to eclipse the majesty of those virtues which made him, from being a modest citizen, a more resplendent luminary.

Misfortune, had he lived, could hereafter have sullied his glory only with those superficial minds, who, believing that characters and actions are marked by success alone, rarely deserve to enjoy it. Malice could never blast his honor, and envy made him a singular exception to her universal rule. For himself he had lived enough to life and to glory. For his fellow citizens, if their prayers could have been answered, he would have been immortal.—*Remarks upon the death of Washington by President John Adams.*

His mind was great and powerful without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! —*John Quincy Adams.*

To be a patriot is to love one's country; it is to be ready and willing, if need comes, to die for the country, as a good seaman would die to save his ship and his crew.

Yes! To love our country, to work so as to make it strong and rich, to support its government, to obey its laws, to pay fair taxes into the treasury, to treat our fellow citizens as we love to be treated ourselves—this is to be good American patriots.—*Dole.*

Every good citizen makes his country's honor his own, and cherishes it not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defense, and is conscious that he gains protection while he gives it.—*Andrew Jackson.*

Never can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington, who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomenry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the Lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle.—*Wm. Henry Harrison.*

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation.

On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

In the Revolution and in the period of constructive statesmanship immediately following it, for our good fortune it befell us that the highest military and the highest civic attributes were embodied in Washington, and so in him we have one of the undying men in history—a great soldier, if possible an even greater statesman, and above all a public servant whose lofty and disinterested patriotism rendered his power and ability—alike in fought fields and in council chambers—of the most far-reaching service to the Republic.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Washington and Lincoln—the man who did most to found the Union, and the man who did most to preserve it—stand head and shoulders above all other public men, and have by common consent, won the right to this pre-eminence.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

PATRIOT SONS OF PATRIOT SIRES.

The bright eyed boys who crowd our schools,
The knights of book and pen,
Weary of childish games and moods,
Will soon be stalwart men—
The leaders in the race of life,
The men to win applause;
The great minds born to guide the State,
The wise to make the laws.
Teach them to guard with jealous care,
The land that gave them birth—
As patriot sons of patriot sires,
The dearest spot of earth;
Teach them the sacred trust to keep,
Like true men, pure and brave,
And o'er them, through the ages bid
Freedom's fair banner wave.

Dr. Samuel Francis Smith.

OLD FLAG FOREVER.

She's up there—Old Glory—where lightnings are sped;
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or droop o'er us dead—
The flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream
'Neath the flag of our country forever!

She's up there—Old Glory—no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars.

She's the flag of our country forever!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

COMPARISON OF WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON.

(This may suggest a debate for the older boys who have read or studied the events of the lives of the two greatest generals of the world.)

Washington was not, like Bonaparte, of a race which surpasses the stature of humanity. He was not placed in a vast theater. He was not pitted against the most skillful generals and the mightiest monarchs of his age. He did not rush from Memphis to Vienna, from Cadiz to Moscow. He defended himself with a handful of fellow citizens in an unhistoric land, in a narrow circle of domestic firesides. He did not fight battles which recalled the triumphs of Arbela and Pharsalia. He did not overturn thrones to construct others from their ruins.

Something of reserve and repose surrounds the movements of Washington. He acted with deliberation. It is as if he felt himself charged with the liberty of the future and feared to compromise its interests. It was not his own destiny that weighed upon this hero—it was the destiny of his country. He did not allow himself to trifle with what was not his. But from this deep humility what a light breaks forth! Seek the forests where shone the sword of Washington. What do you find? A place of tombs? No, a world. Washington has left the United States as a trophy on his battlefield.

The Republic of Washington endures. The empire of Bonaparte has perished. Washington and Bonaparte both sprung from the bosom of Democracy. Both were sons of Liberty. The one was faithful to her. The other betrayed her.—*Open Sesame.*

WASHINGTON.

“First in War.”

Those glorious wars are long since sped,
The votive marble shrines their dead,
The memory of their hopes and fears,
Their gallant deeds, their bold and tears,
And of the patriots noble rage,
Has faded into history’s page;
We have them, heroes all, and one,
The “first in war” was Washington.

“First in Peace.”

Lo! “Victories no less renowned”
The long bright century have crowned;
Beneath the fostering hands of peace,
Science, invention, wide increase,
The power that sways a continent,
The pride to heaven alone that’s bent
Are thine, Columbia, and thy son
Still “first in peace” is Washington!

“First in the Hearts of His Countrymen.”

New crises to new men impart
The sturdy arm, the faithful heart;
But, while the old flag waves above
The land he gave to us to love,
Greater than king or emperor
We’ll honor Washington: In war,
In peace, the first, and now, as then,
In all our hearts, “his countrymen.”

By John Paul Babcock. From “Twinkles.”

MOVEMENT TO BRIDGE THE DELAWARE
AND ACQUIRE LAND WHERE PATRIOT ARMY CROSSED THE RIVER CHRIST-
MAS NIGHT, 1776.

There is an increasing tendency toward the marking and preservation of Washingtonian history spots. Alexandria still has several houses which were associated with Washington, notably the old Carlyle mansion, where merry Sally Fairfax danced with the great general.

But the most notable of this year's efforts toward preserving to posterity a locality intimately associated with Washington and with the making of history is that which has for its object the creation of a national park at Washington Crossing, N. J., the place where Washington and his army crossed the Delaware river on Christmas night of 1776, when, as every schoolboy ought to know, "the river was full of floating ice."

United States Senator Frank O. Briggs, of New Jersey is chairman of the board called the Washington Crossing commission, unofficially created and but recently approved by action of the New Jersey legislature, which proposes to ask the national government to acquire lands in the vicinity of the crossing, build a suitable bridge across the river there and forever preserve the environment as a national park.

THE BANNER BETSY MADE.

(To be recited by a girl dressed in Quaker costume and carrying a large flag, or read by the teacher to small children.)

We have nicknamed it "Old Glory"
As it floats upon the breeze,
Rich in legend, song and story,
On the land and on the seas;
Far above the shining river,
Over mountain, glen and glade,
With a fame that lives forever,
Streams the banner Betsy made.

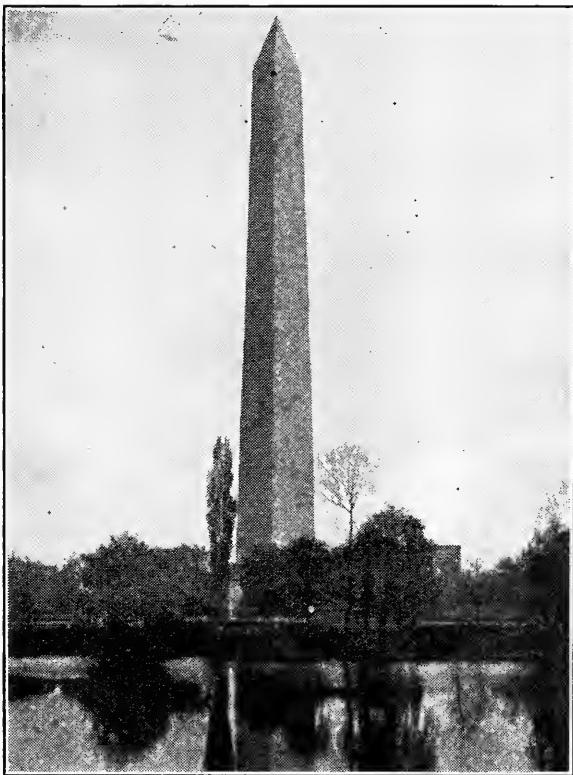
Once it went from her, its maker,
To the glory of the wars;
Once the modest little Quaker
Deftly studded it with stars,
And her fingers, swiftly flying
Through the sunshine and the shade,
Welded colors bright, undying,
In the banner Betsy made.

When at last her needle rested
And her cherished work was done,
Went the banner, love-invested,
To the camps of Washington;
And the glorious Continentals
In the morning light arrayed
Stood in ragged regiments
'Neath the banner Betsy made;

How they cheered it and its maker,
They, the gallant sons of wars;
How they blessed the little Quaker
And her flag of stripes and stars;
'Neath its folds, the foemen scorning,
Glinted bayonets and blade,
And the breezes of the morning
Kissed the banner Betsy made.

Years have passed but still in glory,
With a pride we love to see,
Laureled with a nation's glory
Waves the emblem of the free;
From the rugged pines of Northland
To the deepening everglade,
In the sunny heart of Southland
Floats the banner Betsy made.

Now she sleeps those fingers flying,
With a heart to freedom true,
Mingled colors, bright, undying—
Fashioned stars and field of blue;
It will lack for no defender
When the nation's foes invade,
For our country's close to splendor
'Neath the banner Betsy made.



Washington Monument (555 Feet High)
Washington, D. C.

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